

# ROLLER DERBY

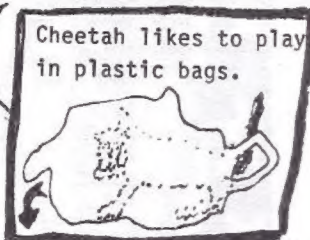
*Spring '92*  
*Number 6*

\$2



ROYAL TRUX  
KEN CARVER





One time her head got caught in the handle of the bag. She went tearing around the house...



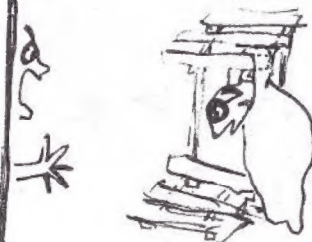
(By some strange twist of fate, the plastic bag made for good traction.)

A True Story illustrated by Lisa (except that very first square, by Bill Callahan.)

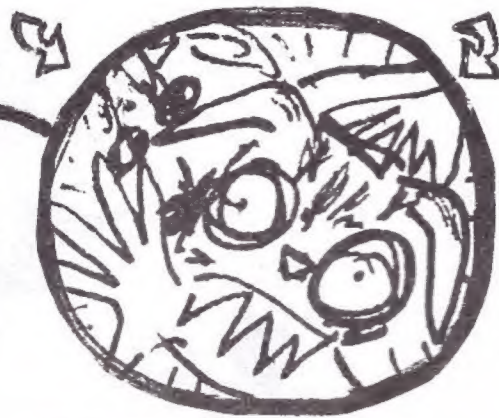


I tried to catch her but she was insane.

She got caught on this thing we use to drip-dry clothes. She was being asphyxiated.



I tried to rip the bag open, but you know how when you tug the handle it gets all skinny and tight and it won't break? Cheetah was biting and scratching me, and she sprayed this horrible piss all over my hands and everywhere. It smelled so awful, it smelled of death.



I got the bag off, and Cheetah just froze. Tears were spilling out of her eyes. I've never seen an animal cry before.

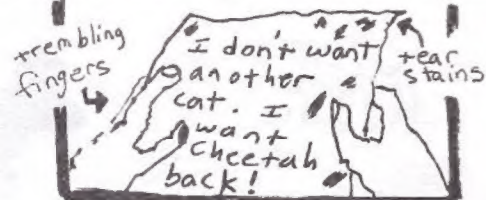


I tried to make her feel better by way of shoelace, milk-cap, catnip mouse, and hand. But she was like a zombie. Finally, she slunk

Cheetah?

away into the attic, and disappeared down a hole.

When she didn't come out for two hours after, I thought she had gone down there to die. In my delirium of grief, I wrote a poem.



Then she came out!...



...to use her litter box. That's all she would come out for for the next three days. She wouldn't even eat -- she was too angry.



CONT. →



## My Continued Search For True Love

## BAD SLAVE LETTER

Dear Lisa,

I read about you in "Screw". I want to meet you face to face. I want you to do a golden shower on my face. I am young, work-out, and AIDS-free. You can do anything you want to me and my lover. Please. Love, (Name deleted to save him from shame.)

Ho-hum. Everybody wants a golden shower, Mr. Deleted -- you'll have to do better than that.

## GOOD SLAVE LETTER

Lisa Suckdog--

mid-January 92

If I could feel myself, and reach into my throat, I'd pull out love, love for you my Queen Goddess, my mother, mentor, Lisa Suckdog, I am forever faithful to your estrogen guilt, believe -- a house in the suburbs. I could mow the lawn on Saturday and give you my paycheck. Lisa Suckdog, you're my idol, female war -- forever will I sleep, with you breathing on top of me, writhing. I long to make you salad -- with ranch dressing and anything you'd want. I'd bathe you in oil or my blood. Love, speak me the truth and tell me you'll come to Cleveland and make my wildest fantasies come true. I love you Lisa Suckdog.

Derek Gatsby, 1367 Belle Ave., Lakewood, OH 44107

Kinda fancy -- I'm not sure exactly what estrogen  
guilt is -- but the SPIRIT is there. And the  
details. Putting ranch dressing on my salad is  
concrete proof of Derek's devotion, and is definitely  
more exciting than a thousand leather outfits.

Lisa the Omnipotent.

late January

You can decipher 'Estrogen guilt' any way you wish, because my life is your domain. I cannot enclose a

picture of lawn nor a salad as per your request, but I am including a picture of me in '77. Notice the numbers shirt and cuffs on the pants. I roll my pants like this for you. I also bought the shirt for you, but I wore it myself. I wish you to come to Cleveland and to let me tend to you. Not as a slave but as a Freudian parent/child relationship. I would pull my fingernails out for you.

--Derek Gatsby Blake Browning Keats

## GROVELING LETTER THAT MAKES ME SICK

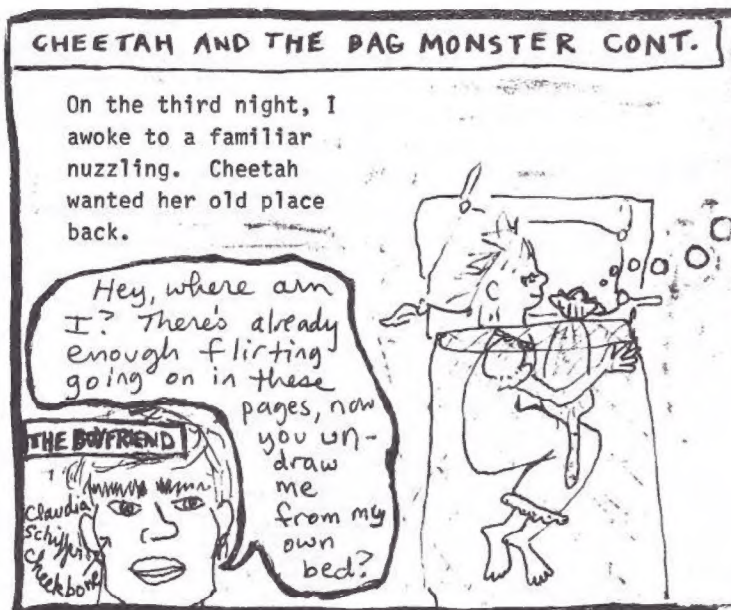
**Lisa!**

I've just received your tiny note calling me a disgusting worm! I can assure you I was genuinely appalled by the news you obviously still hadn't been paid. My task is to potter about being Editor -- the finance side is done by others and I'd assumed that once we received your bank details that everything would proceed in an orderly manner. Clearly it hasn't. When I go up to Birmingham tomorrow I'll definitely find out what is what. I was so SHOCKED by your note I didn't ask them there and then. I was simply lost for words! In truth, I felt quite nauseous. On my word of honour I didn't realise this had happened. I would not allow this to happen to anyone, least of all you, and I can only say I'm remarkably sorry. I can understand totally why you're so pissed off with me. It's just an appalling cock-up. I will make sure it all gets cleared up.

Yours, with a very red face indeed.

Mick

This would be a nice letter if it had preceded my  
CONTINUED ON PAGE 17





# WHO THE HELL IS LAURIELLE MILLER?

## *Bill Allen finds her sexy...*

Laurielle has such a flair for being eloquently erotic, and an obvious slut at the same time.

## *Rougeux thinks she's a he...*

Concerning the phone call: if the photo on Rollerderby #3 is recent, Laurielle would most likely been living at home (still in high school). Was there any indication of that in the background of the phone call? How old did she sound? Was she overly (ridiculously) sexual on the phone? As in: "Get her (you) to talk dirty so I can hear it on the extension." Remember, a hoax must be elaborate. I still think "she" is a "he". A girlfriend that's jealous of you (Lisa) would be delighted to be in on the hoax (against the adored). Also, the trick would be double-sided -- a prank on you & a low shot at whoever's photos he, they, are using.

## *Matt Shawkey's feelings are undivided...*



Laurielle Miller  
is a goddess

## *Laurielle says she's...uh...well...*

"...the tall bitch in the skimpy black outfit leaning against the balcony rail at the dance club. I'm the mirrorshades catching the dance floor lights. I keep looking for girls with long lithe legs and totally sleaze boys who'll play very, very nasty games with me... I love...different, wild, nasty...games. I never wear underwear. My pet name..."Cunt" or "Hot Little Cunt" -- my closest friends/lovers call me that. People leave notes for me as "HLC". The thin little 13-year-old who gave her cherry to a 19-year-old boy at a beach house; the 15-year-old who did way too much vodka and psychedelics and got gang-banged on picnic tables -- and who read everything by Mary Renault and Rimbaud; the 19-year-old who married and became an adulteress on her wedding night...I've been all those things. The

very tall girl in a black V-neck minidress, austere but sexy, walking with a 40-ish man in a grey suit. Or afterward, cum running down her thighs, counting bills. Behind her sunglasses she looks...calm. I've been there, done that. My hair -- blonde, but it's...flexible. Raven-black, red, black w/ white, white w/ red. Long enough to have it grabbed, short enough to be wash-and-wear. I never wear underwear even with my shortest miniskirts. My curtains are never closed. Sex in parking lots is great. I do lots of aerobics to stay...taut. Please do send me a phone number. Lisa Crystal...I am in love with you; you know that. Close your eyes. Please consider your eyelids kissed. And the insides of your wrists. And your ankles. Much love-- your Hot Little Cunt -- Laurielle"

Laurielle's so weird -- she's been asking for my phone number every letter (she sends me about five per month) for four years now. Once, she got my number off a flyer. She called up around 11 P.M. and asked if she could call back at 3 A.M. She sounded very polite. I said sure. At 3 A.M. exactly she was asking me all these intricate questions about my sexual history: "Have you ever been gang-banged on a pool table in a frat house?" "Would you masturbate over my photos with three fingers in your pussy after hanging up tonight?" (Why three? Why not two? Why not four?) Her voice was exactly like a phone operator's. Suave Frenchman Jean-Louis Costes, who also spoke with Laurie, put it this way: "Her words made me think I should get hot, but her voice sent shivers down my dick."

"I would like to be thought of as an enigma," writes Laurie. That kind of overkill knocks me out. I mean, if someone intends to be enigmatic, they should never tell anyone, because then everyone knows their game. Laurie is a master of overkill, describing gang bang after gang bang, using words like "dark" and "delicious" three or more times per letter. But she is an enigma. What the hell is she?

For a while, Laurie was flirting with neo-Naziism. She professed a predilection for frat boys, members of the armed services, and F-11 bomber fighters. She kept on sending me air-force t-shirts and shirts with the symbol on it for a group of whites who killed all the blacks in a town in Africa. I didn't know that's what it stood for until I wore it into an African restaurant with my husband one day. The owner let us know its meaning as he threw us out bodily. One word of displeasure from me, and Laurie whipped herself around to face the other way -- now her letters were bulging with lust and admiration for her "black friend André," and she expressed the desire to bear a "café au lait"

*Drawing at right is a self-portrait by Laurielle*







## ...LAURIELLE MILLER? cont.

6

kid. Victoria's Secret camisole tops took over the place in my mailbox formerly held by the F-11 tees.

Laurie sends me tons of presents. One time she sent me an ENORMOUS dildo. This thing was so **hard**, I swear it must have been filled with lead. Laurielle also has tons of magazines sent to me; preppy clothes or lingerie catalogs and war game publications. I know it's her giving them my address because they all come to Ms. Lisa Crystal Carver, which is how Laurielle addresses her letters to me.

Laurielle can get really obsessive about things. For instance, for two years she instructed me in **every** letter to shave my thighs and never wear underwear. Finally, I wrote back to say I have hardly any hair on my thighs, and what's there is blonde, so I don't shave it, and that I love underwear, and wear them as much as I can, sometimes changing them two or three times a day. After that, the instructions changed: "Don't shave your thighs. I love to see sunlight shining through the cumdrops on blonde thigh-hairs." And she started sending me all these pairs of underwear. But they were all cotton thongs. I mean, if you're going to wear thongs -- which are **not** comfortable -- they might as well be made out of chiffon, or anything more glamorous than comfy cotton.

Laurielle has a circle of friends about which I'm a little dubious. There's a girl from Texas -- Angela Lorio -- who sent me a video of herself masturbating with a Corona bottle (a "favourite toy" of Laurie's) and a crucifix, while saying my name over and over. The handwriting on the mailer was curiously similar to Laurie's. And then there's Lori Roberts, a stripper and self-described Barbie Doll from Chicago, whose letters have the same generous sprinkling of ...'s and dashes in place of commas and periods that Laurie's letters do. Then there's Lacey Paine. I mean, nobody is named Lacey Paine! There are similar letters and presents from similar girls, all postmarked from different state of North America. If Laurie is Lori and Miss Lorio and Lacey and the others, mailing these things to me on her vacations, the question is, of course, Why? Why is she doing this -- spending so much time, money, and dedication to create and sustain this group of fantasy people that have no visible benefit other than entertaining me, Lisa. WHY ME? I rarely write back to Laurie, and when I do it's never much. Laurie can hope for nothing from me except for someone to read her letters. She was writing to me for years before I started publishing a magazine, so there's no way she's been doing this in hopes of having her letters in print. A friend suggests Laurielle is recreating herself over and over, hoping I'll be attracted to one of these personalities enough to fly out to meet them (read: meet Laurielle). I don't think so. Even though she is always saying she "hopes we will one day make love," I think meeting me in the flesh couldn't be further from Laurie's mind. Her whole thing is fantasy. The truth might be that she is a bored school teacher or secretary, and a virgin.

Despite her numerous recounts of \$500 boating weekends with "clients", I sometimes suspect Laurie has not turned a single trick in her life. Having been a prostitute myself, I know the only thing that really differs from John to John is the face. There it is, hanging over your own face for 20 minutes -- what else are you supposed to look at? Laurie never talks about their face -- she describes only the sex act, similar to those in the Penthouse letter section. And you know most of those letters are written by adolescents who have not had their hands on female sex organs since they came out of them fifteen years ago. Rougeux wonders if Laurie is really a Larry -- a guy hoping to make me more receptive to his intense sexuality by pretending to be a member of the less intimidating sex. Where do the photos come from then? Probably stole some poor girl's photo album. Wouldn't you love to do that? Steal a photo album and create an alter ego out of its contents? (We must remember that this Rougeux, who, like Laurielle, has been writing to me for years, has steadfastly refused to inform me of his/her own gender.) Sometimes I wonder if Laurie is Rougeux too.

LAURIELLE MILLER, PO BOX 18893, BATON ROUGE,  
LA 70713, USA



"For Lisa -- You do haunt my  
masturbatory fantasies...  
69 + black roses - love always -  
Laurielle"



## FUN!

Throwing up is so cool! I love to feel matter leaving my body through my front-facing orifice. Chunks of food bursting out of my secret belly, cascading into the sexy, smooth, porcelain mouth. I'm such a paramount of health, though, that I can never throw up unless I force myself to. A truly marvelous experience can be had by downing an entire fifth of whisky or vodka (but not gin) in 20 minutes or less and then to throw up while laughing. It's fabulous -- to hiccup up liquid and laughter at the same time. And dry heaves! It's Kiss Express, embracing me from behind: clench! clench! clench! Next time I do it, I'll try to direct it through a straw. Rush a magnificent force through a tiny conduit...

Mr. Kiss Express next issue.

I cited the above as an example of "porn" in an attempt to convince my boyfriend that Roller derby is porn and thus worth two bucks (porn mags costing more per page than music ones). Boyfriend said no one would consider that porn. I said he's underestimating the Roller derby audience.

Would it be porn if someone watched me do it? D'ya want to?

## ANOTHER GREAT THING ABOUT BEING FEMALE

You can put your knees above your pelvis when you sit on the toilet so the pee'll run over your asshole and make everything all nice and wet.

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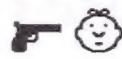
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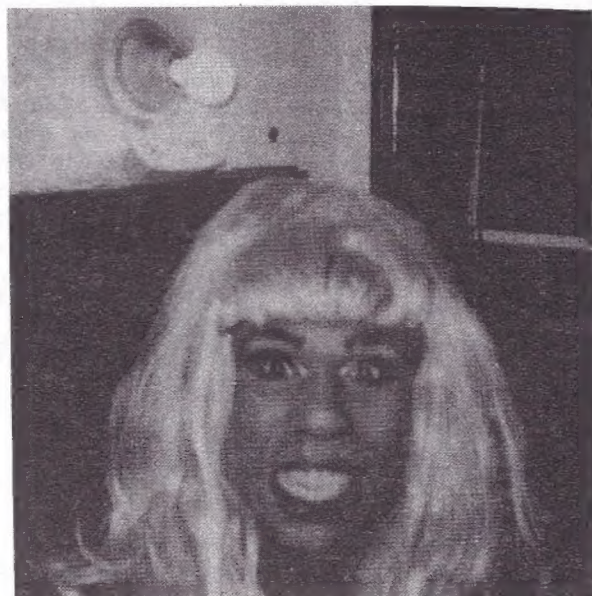
We've got what you need.



# PLEASE MEET THE BOARD OF REVIEWERS

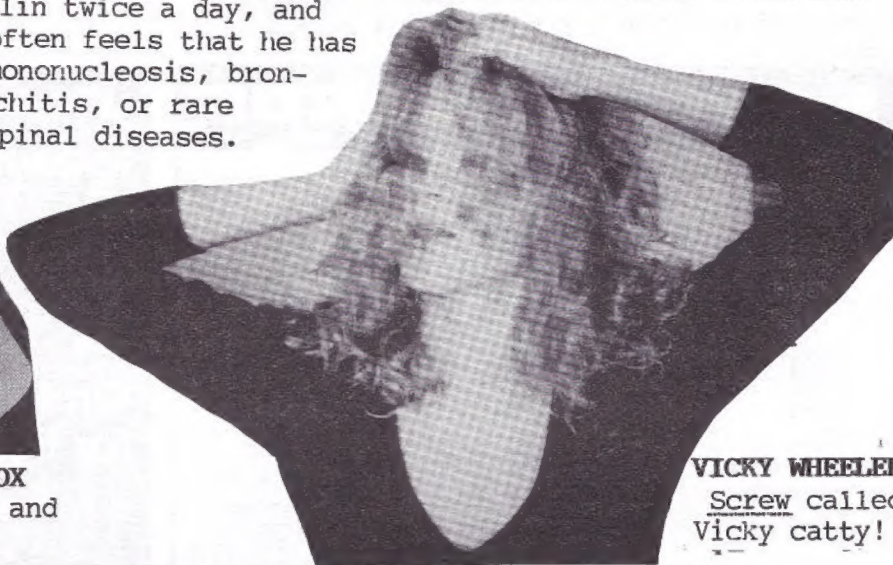
## VAGINAL CREME DAVIS ON VAGINAL CREME DAVIS

For those of you who don't know who I am, I can't believe you don't know who I am, well just go to the movies, you know that lil house with the silver screen. You see my face up on that screen all the time and if you still don't know who I am, I'll smear lipstick all over your pasty white body. Yes I'm an award winning blacktress having appeared in many cult and underground films as well as mainstream motion pictures. I'm also a singer/songwriter with three bands: The Afro Sisters, Pedro Muriel & Esther, and Cholita, the female Menudo. I also publish Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine and Shrimp, the magazine for sucking bigger and better feet.



## MRS. AND MR. JASPER

Melissa Jasper is an Instructor at the University of New Hampshire. She has sewn plastic doll faces to a brassiere, which she wears all over Dover as well as at the university. Matt Jasper takes 20 mgs. of SR Ritelin twice a day, and often feels that he has mononucleosis, bronchitis, or rare spinal diseases.



**VICKY WHEELER**  
Screw called  
Vicky catty!



**RACHEL "I'm not an ugly dyke" PHLOX**  
Rachel is an amateur eco-terrorist and a True Confessions subscriber.



## MUSIC

### ASTRO ZOMBIES "Fountain Head" +3 7" (Community 3)

"I pulled it from my eye, you drilled it back into my head. Oooh baby I miss you." In two lines the Astro Zombies tell the whole love story, from delirious loss of personality in soul-entwining passion to the bitter return to solitude. Superb. Another song: "I was drooling at the time, I gave it all I had/(...)/Open up the fountain head." Gorgeous.

Were Mike Gunderloy still around, he might tell you that this band plays garage rock with an

undertone of No Wave.

**CONFLICT OF INTERESTS:** Comm 3 label guy Albert Garzon saw me in New York one day when I looked really awful. This caused resentment in me towards Albert bordering on hate. That was a year ago, and I think I've pretty much gotten over it.

--Lisa Carver

### DOS "The Bob Lawton EP" 7" (Ecstatic Peace)

Kira sings sweet and funny and thick about debasement. The guitar doesn't pull any crazy stunts



-- it just clings to Kira's soul.

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: Co-labelman Jimmy Johnson criticized me by sending me a quote by Daryll Hannah:

"Using your love life to publicize yourself -- that's really twisted." (Well, if my boyfriends were Jerry Brown and What's-His-Name Kennedy, I wouldn't want anyone to know about it either.) But then, after being so harsh, Jimmy signs his letter "Love". Oh, brimming-with-conflicts Jimmy!

Does this mean he wants me to be his one-and-only?

ANYWAY -- trying to guess Jimmy's feelings about me had absolutely nothing to do with my review: these songs swept all thoughts of men away except for a lingering memory sad sort of thing.

--Lisa Carver

Ring! Ring!

VICKY: Hello?

LISA: Victorious Vicky?

VICKY: Yes...

LISA: This is Luscious Lisa!

VICKY: Hi!!!

LISA: Deadline for your reviews was two weeks ago, Victorious Vicky.

VICKY: Well I didn't have my speakers, and then I just listened to one of the tapes you sent me [Ox Bow LP, Augustus Furnace EP, etc.] once and the whole thing sounded like one long huge intro into a song that never happened.

LISA: You put your thumb on the dot!

VICKY: Oh, great, have I done my reviews?

LISA: Yup. Life is so easy. People think it's hard, but it's so perfect.

VICKY: I just had to write 2000 words for SPIN and I can't handle the stress!

LISA: Freelance life is rough. How's your financial situation now?

VICKY: Well I think I'm going to start doing phone sex.

LISA: That's so great! You know what, you should do it for Rollerderby readers.

VICKY: I want to! Tell them to send me \$50 and I'll call them for an hour.

LISA: An hour...you're really planning on giving them the works, huh?

VICKY: If they bore me before their hour's up it's their loss.

LISA: You're tough, but worth it. I'm always pleased to take part in anything that brings pleasure to people. Have you gotten a P.O. Box yet?

VICKY: No.

LISA: Okay, how about this -- they send me a check for \$50 made out to you [Vicky Wheeler] and their phone number and a time they can be reached and I send you the check and their letter.

VICKY: Have them make it evening hours.

LISA: Life is wonderful!

VICKY: Yeah, it is!

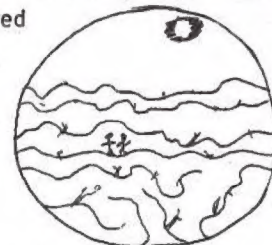
↑  
This is serious.

*or somehow connected to Ecstasy people*  
GOOSEWIND Manny Mota (Shrimper cassette)

We followed an abandoned railroad track and found this great place. Fields of tall grasses frozen and crusty. They stretched on endlessly, any way you turned. There must have been corn fields there a few years ago and the stumps hadn't rotted yet underneath the grasses, because the surface was bumpy. Looked like sand dunes, or a wavy sea frozen in time. Sticks were sticking out of the grasses, so, yeah, it looked like a wild sea. The sun was one of those cold suns -- you know, it's like light coming through a tiny grease spot in a piece of paper and it makes everything blue-gray and yellow-white and green. We got lost and I fell in a half-thawed marsh up to my knees, but it was worth it.

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: Oh, please, not that business. I'm busy listening.

--Lisa Carver



JANOR HYPERCLEETS Device (cassette)

Janor Hypercleets has this mouth that's on fire. Leaping out of the flames are... A woman who has only a head. Her grandsons are suing for her legs, and the court says they'll give her back her legs if she walks into court. (The only song on the tape is a rousing "Told the Judge To Suck My Dick".) A faceless creature from an acid lake and his girlfriend. A man who cuts his dick off and is then approached by a woman representative of a group of 30 naked, large-breasted, rotund-assed, moist-vaginaed women, and all the men are dead except for this one guy, so he wrestles his dick out of the dog's mouth and goes to sew it back on but the sewing machine is emitting carcinogens so he drives 20 hours to the Singer factory but all the machines have been recalled to the main factory except for one. This one uses only human flesh as thread and is made especially for sewing dicks back on but now this guy can't find the sack with his dick in it. Then there's Joe Dimaggio getting tar poured down his asshole by way of funnel and (8701 Evergreen Dr., Little Rock, AR 72207)

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: Well, I wouldn't mind going out with Janor once or twice, but it's no big deal, so I'd say no conflict. I like this tape a lot.

--Lisa Carver

LLAMASAURUS (self-titled debut CD) *See at elsewhere*

My CD player isn't working, and neither is my board of reviewers.

Vaginal was supposed to review this one, but the sight of the six "luscious" feet on the back cover sent Vag off on, I regret to say, one of those sprees. We hope she'll be back in time for next issue.

(Llamasaurus, 29 Washington Pl., Northport, NY 11768)

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: I must admit I was a little moved by the feet too.

--Lisa Carver



Ring! Ring!

LISA: Hello?

RACHEL: Hi Lees. I've been trying to listen to those records you gave me [Jasmine Love Bomb, Popsmeat, Rev-head, Erectus Monotone, Mecca Normal].

LISA: Uh-huh?

RACHEL: And I was thinking: you know how you said it costs you \$100 for each page of "Rollerderby"?

LISA: Uh-huh.

RACHEL: Well, if I were to write three or four sentences for each of these records, it would take up like 2/3 of a page--

LISA: Uh-huh.

RACHEL: So, I figured I'd save you the \$66.66 and not review the things.

LISA: Rachel, I thought we agreed not to be irreverent for our New Year's Resolution.

RACHEL: Don't make me do this, Lisu, I can't face it.

LISA: All right, but you know the guy from Harriet Records wrote me this flirty letter, and you know he lives in Boston and everything. I don't want to ruin my chances...

RACHEL: How about if I just review one of the Harriet records then?

LISA: Okay.

RACHEL: Popsmeat: "Gotta Go". Ready?

LISA: Ready.

RACHEL: "These women should not think that just because they go down on other women they should wear ugly sleeveless shirts and no make-up and make bad music."

LISA: Bravo. Fait accompli. Thank you.

RACHEL: Any time.

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#### TEAR CEREMONY Disturbing the Ghost (cassette)

Somnabulistic tales. Low frequencies. Gentle. Gauze. And abstrusely threatening.

(741 St. Louis, Baton Rouge, LA 70802)

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: None.

--Lisa Carver

#### TUBE BAR (Teen Beat CD)

Seymour and Lisa both sent this to me on the same day, for no apparent reason. When something like that happens I figure I have to review the thing.

The first part of this quadrille stars Red, an 88 year old who works at The Tube Bar and who drops the phone onto the counter so many times ("ping") that at first I thought someone was playing a piano. The caller asks for "Al Coholic" or "Phil D. Grave" or "Al Kaseltzer." When Red finally figures out that he's receiving prank calls, he says, "If you see your mother tell her to come down. I got about four guys lined up.... I'll cut your belly open.... Your mother fucks niggers.... I'll open your belly and show you all the black stuff you have down there."

The second facet of this scintillating gem is a cassette-letter by Julie who is interested in teenage gang-debs. "I'm creative, believe me. But I'm pretty bad at showing my creativity. Like say for instance because my best friend is Miss Creativity. She's Miss Punk Rock and everybody thinks she's just like the most amazing thing in the world and she happens to be the director for the variety show at my school. And I helped her write the skits. I co-wrote them with her. I didn't help her. And I'm getting like a shit bit of credit for it and that's why I'm very bad at expressing my creativity even though I have a lot of it."

The third thistle on this bush is a talk-show caller gifted enough to elicit this response from the host: "If I could ever lay my hands on you, sucker, I'd pop you like a rubber band."

The fourth horseman of this apocalypse is named Joe. "Niggers are getting all the money.... Welfare.... They even get free rubbers. You think they use them? Hell no! The only way they make money is making babies. They sell the rubbers and then they use the money to buy booze. Nobody has the right to booze unless he earns the money. It oughtta be a law. You don't work, you don't drink. You find me a social worker who ain't a nigger lover and I'll massage your asshole. And I ain't queer! All you gotta do is act black and the money rolls in. Set fire to the cities, burn a few buildings, and you get paid for it."

--The Jaspers

#### UNREST (Yes She Is My) Skinhead Girl 7" (Teen Beat)

Explains why Sammy Davis Jr. may have broken Kim Novak's heart when he married horndoggied dinge queen and Swede Mae Britt and she was his official skinhead girl way back in 1957.

--Vaginal Creme Davis



**BUTCH WILLIS** "Shopping Bag" +3 7" (Teen Beat)

"T.V.'s From Outer Space" -- social commentary by a man and his guitar. Sounds like Charles Manson. The rest of this 7" sounds like any young rock band trying to make it, except they can't decide if they should play the bar circuit or the universities, and Butch Willis is wicked old.

Butch met a girl at a party fourteen years ago, and they agreed to meet again and get married in fifteen years, and he's still planning on it. For that reason alone you should buy this record. Limited edition of 500, and I got #399. Hurry!

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: The post-structuralists want to destroy me!

--Lisa Carver

**ZENI GEVA** "Bloodsex." 7"EP (Baby Huey) <sup>see</sup> ~~ad~~ <sup>ad</sup> ~~ekewhere~~

Why do indie music lovers use for their yardstick of respectability the amount of disturbance a record causes in neighbors, parents and pets? Play Tony Orlando and Dawn loud enough and your neighbors will be reaching for their broomsticks just as fast as they do when you play Zeni Geva loud. I like neighbors, parents and pets -- that's why I play Zeni Geva loud -- I want to share with them something that makes my heart somersault.

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS: Well, you know I've got a thing for Japanese guys. Then again, I have a thing for Germans, Belgians, Americans, Haitians...I think in the end it all kind of cancels itself out, no?

--Lisa Carver

## PRINTED MATTER

Angry Women (RE/Search #13)

A Buddhist monk once said, "Not a butterfly flaps its wings in Kyoto that the whole world doesn't feel it."

In other words, we're all connected. When the war in the Gulf started, I felt I was really being spurred on to have more pleasure -- that's how I could help the most. Not by going to Washington, because it was a very long drive and I really didn't know what to do once I got there. So I stayed home, had sex, and enjoyed myself as much as I could -- that was my political statement!

--Annie Sprinkle, sex researcher (and an inspiration and a joy to me for as long as I can remember. -LC)

So I said: "Women have never invented anything." Then I said, "Women will never invent anything." Then I said, "Nor will there ever be a woman genius."

Some women still aspire to be canonized or recognized as a genius. Recognized by whom? In a genuine feminist intervention what has to happen is a Will to Rupture -- a Will to Break with these phantasms and divinizations.

--Avital Ronell, theorist, etc.

A girlfriend of mine killed her old man -- she served about 3 years in jail and was let out. I remember talking to her at the time, and she was absolutely amazed that what little she did could actually kill a

person....

--Wanda Coleman, writer

I considered every relationship from the time I was 11 as a psychological test of strength, will, power, control, and pain.

--Lydia Lunch, singer/author, etc.

There are a lot of descriptions of what happens to a man's dick from the moment it's flaccid to the moment he shoots his wad -- minute descriptions.... But what happens to woman's genitalia? There's no language....

--Holly Hughes, performance artist/playwright, etc.

She had a dog named "Magic" who just **loved** genitals (both male and female) -- she had trained it with meat. You'd be sitting at the dining room table and -- all of us had holes in our blue jeans between our legs so that Magic could go from person to person.

--Kathy Acker, writer

We need to use **kill** energy on our enemies, not ignore them.

--Diamanda Galas, singer/composer, etc.

228 pages of Andrea Juno interviewing these women plus eight others. Send SASE for catalog: RE/SEARCH PUBLICATIONS, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco, CA 94133.

## VIDEO

BETTY PAGE Bound To Please

Betty Page inspired some unusual lyrics in the Craig Hellman quartet: "Listening to moonlight fall"; "The water's filled with poisoned fish and a wave is gone away"; "I am waiting to fall into the sky, and I am waiting down the see-saw on my side." Synthesizer whistling, hand-clapping and airplane wooshes set to circus rhythms. I can't say watching Betty dance caused me to have any original thoughts. Clichés were abundant. "Her hair is like a black lake. Her legs are like a race horse's...big and strong enough for some real kicking. Look at her hands! They're little white flowers growing out of the ends of her arms, swaying in the breeze. She's pulling on the button-up black leather gloves now. She looks like...like...oh, what a wonderful woman! Even ball-gagged, stretched apart off the floor by rope and pulley, waist cinched by rope, she's graceful and spirited and fun and beautiful and sexy and vibrant. She likes it. Betty likes everything, 'cause she's on top of the world."

Something really funny: Betty and her two friends are all out there, in the middle of a forest of birches, in 5" heels and underwear. The two black underwearing women are tying the white underwearing one to a tree. Miss White-Underpants kicks Betty, so Betty spansks her about 30 times, then she turns and looks straight into the camera with this really pleased expression on her face.

(Gnostech, 3210 25th St., San Francisco, CA 94110)

--Lisa Carver



# MORE! MORE! *POLL RESULTS* MORE! MORE!

## BEST PET STORY

In utter desperation, aged about 13, I decided to fuck a three-legged dog I knew well (we cared about each other.) Decided against it, slept with the dog.

Had an incredible wet dream, and this is my only sexual experience with another being ever.

(Lisa-- This is true, as pathetic as it sounds. If you print it, please don't put my name with it as I'm really sensitive about my virginity. You're only the second person who knows. As I've only a few photographs of Shirle, please send it back. Thanks.)

When I first bathed my two cats they didn't realize that cats are supposed to hate water so they paddled around the tub like two little gray speedboats.

--Mac Superchunk

My cat Peggy had five kittens and one of them was very small, five inches long tops, and she whimpered a lot and worried me. Sometimes at night during her first week of life I'd wake up in bed to her pitiful cries: they started like gurgly whimpers, rose to icy crow-like howls, and ended in hiccuppy sobs. I figured out that the other kittens were pushing her away from suckling, so I bought kitten formula and a specially-made kitten bottle. I held her in a washcloth with a zip-lock bag full of warm water underneath it and she put her teeny hairless paws around the nipple and sucked, and I glowed all over. I squeezed the bottle, and she gulped hugely and a bunch of milky white liquid seeped out of her pin-point nostrils. Her head lazily waved from side to side and finally tilted slowly back while I tried to rub her chest and, I don't know, stimulate her heart I guess. But in sick slow motion all her puny little toes extended out absurdly far from each paw. That's how she froze and died in my hand.

--Vicky Wheeler

## WEIRDEST THING ABOUT YOUR BODY

Small, velvety patch of white-blond hair grows from the front of my neck.

--Vicky Wheeler

My toupee passes for real and never comes off while showering or swimming.

--Gerard Cosloy

I have pointy ears that don't have cartilage and stick out like jug handles. Before I go to sleep I fold them into themselves so they make a little folded flesh ball. I do this when I'm feeling tired or insecure and have ever since I can remember. It keeps them warm. When they are cold I like people to put my entire ear in their mouth to keep it warm. But unfortunately this makes my ear wet and thus colder. When I was growing up I was called Spock and Yoda. When I was born my parents argued on whose side of the family it came from. I am positive it was my father's.

--Darcy Megan S.



## MOST URGENT NEED TO USE A BATHROOM WHEN THERE'S NONE AROUND

Navy, Korea, drank the water "very holy" at a temple. Next day, sort mail, call mail call, people gather. Think I'm farting but shit instead. No underwear. Finish passing out mail but don't turn back towards window. No one asks about shit odor. There's the power of mail.

--A.M.

## BEST DRUNK STORY

I drank huge quantities of beer, and, reeling into the yard, believed myself to be William S. Burroughs's VOMITER. A hot, humid overcast morning in August, I thought that a sea sponge feels like this as warm wetness presses all around -- within and without. There was no time or thought, only crawling on the bottom of some immense void.

--William C. Niles

Kelly and I started to hit it off in a dainty kind of way. She was "nice." Too nice, in fact, because when I wanted to get, you know, naughty, she told me to get out. Not quite in so





## DRUNK continued

... many words, of course, I mean she was really nice, but against all prior evidence and the presumably natural evolution of our relationship, when I wanted our mouths open so that my tongue could slither across her teeth and elsewhere, I went too far. There's a party tonight, though, and I know that Kelly will be there. It all started innocently enough with vodka and grapefruit juice. Then Marty, Rod and I loaded up the bong and got stoned to bejeezus. Then we started in on the beer. By around 9, the fellas and I are ready to walk through the bitter cold and snow to the party. Then nothing, just a flashing series of vague images.

I babble incessantly, pass out in a reclining chair, wake up, go to the bathroom, sit on the pot throwing my guts up all over the bathroom floor. Berated for making such disgusting mess, cleaned up a little, zombie walk down the stairs stinking to high heaven, fall over myself out the door and into the snow, gotta make it home, uhhhgggg, I'm such an idiot, god I wanna die... Kelly and some loser guy in a Boston Celtics cap see me, and she offers her assistance (like I said, she's really really really nice, so when she realizes that I'm not flopped out in the white stuff just because I had an all of a sudden urge to make some fucking snow angels, she comes to help me, but "I'm ok, I'm fine, I think I garble garble dropped my keys garble garble yeah"). I woke up in my room moaning KELL-e, KELL-e, KELL-e, and kell-E, kell-E, kell-E, a pathetic mantra for the true love lost forlorn.

--Brian Berger

Got drunk at a party and some drunk 15 year old girl puked on my leg. There was a whole mushroom in it from some pizza she had earlier. I picked it up and ate it.

--Dave Ear of Corn



## MOST DEGRADING EXPERIENCE

When I was 10, my mom found my diary full of passionate sex thoughts, that I didn't even tell to my closest friend, about Kevin Kelleher, a boy on my brother's baseball team. Not only did my mother read all of it, but she teased me relentlessly about my "new boyfriend, Kevin Kelleher" over dinner in front of my whole family and Kevin's little brother. I don't know what was more insulting: that she claimed she "found it open" (NO WAY!) while "looking for a brush" in my purse -- OR -- that Kevin Kelleher heard all about it and still never acknowledged my existence.

--Vicky Wheeler

## MOST ANNOYING HABIT YOUR ROOMMATE HAS

Well, she dumped me recently. That was pretty annoying.

--Dave Ear of Corn

For next issue's poll results, why don't you all tell me how you lost your virginity. I'll go first. I was fifteen, my boyfriend had an enormous nose which I liked a lot -- the rest of him I could have done without. He was racist, homophobic, nationalistic, not too swift, and I wouldn't call him a feminist either. But this girl in Art class kept on telling me how great it was to have sex. So, one drunken night, Boyfriend and I went to his brother's cabin to do it. (We hadn't done anything thus far except kiss -- he wanted to wait 'til we were married and had had kids, I think.) Anyway, we were on his brother's bed when the phone rang. "Just fifteen minutes, if you know what I mean," said the means of my virginity stigma removal. He hung up and sucked on my breasts. Can't say I liked that much. Then he pulled my dress up and my underwear down, and grunted and cursed and finagled his way into my thing. I was noticing the cracks in his brother's ceiling. One, two, three...eight thrusts, and he came. He said he loved me, gave me a wet kiss from the neck to the ear to the mouth, asked if it was as good for me as it was for him. Sure, yeah. I pulled on my underwear -- leopard silk. "Those underwear turn me on," said Big-Nose, putting my hand on his instrument of pleasure so I could see for myself.

I should have done it with the girl in Art class instead.

## TAKE ME BACK, STEPH!

After seeing Stephanie Seymour reach across Axl and flatten the other woman at the bar in the Guns and Roses "Don't Cry" video, I TOTALLY retract the bad things I said about her in Rollenderby #4. Rachel and I saw it together, and we both screamed and fell off the couch. Axl didn't even try to stop her -- he knew she would have just turned around and decked him! Did you see her arms? Rachel ran to get her mother's weights and we immediately started lifting them.

## To Those Who Have Something For Box 1491:

1. Write on both sides of the paper -- I hate waste.
2. Make every sentence count. I get about 20 letters a day. That's a lot of shit to wade through. I'm interested in the human soul and physical abnormalities, not about the time Unsane came through your town.
3. Don't send me your artistic product and then tell me it sucks and I probably won't like it. If it's shit, keep it for yourself. If it's great, don't waste my energy with falsely modest chit chat.
4. I love you, Rollenderby readers!

The titles to the drawings on the next three pages are: 1. Fantasies of fucking a corpse; 2. The day is on fire; 3. When younger was afraid of hands strangling self, when older afraid of hands strangling other people. They were supposed to illustrate On Killing Yourself (in Rollenderby #5), but Dancy was busy doing field research for the assignment, and wasn't able to get the drawings to me until now. Dancy is the most interesting person I have ever met in my life. Interview next issue.













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paycheck. Mick's magazine *Siren* has recently acquired ads from Converse, Smirnoff, 7-UP, Casio, Kit Kat and the Health Education Authority, and is expanding to 150 full color pages -- maybe that's why they've been unable to figure out how to send me the money they've owed me since July 1991. I really should not have used the worm as an insult -- the worm is a nice creature who tends the soil and can have sex with itself. If you can think up a more apt disparagement, send it to: Mick Mencer, c/o Pegasus Publishing Ltd., Bradford Court, Bradford St., Birmingham, B12 0NS, ENGLAND.

**MALE \*Seacoast NH PAL501B**

**CARPE DIEM!** "Is not life a hundred times too short for us to bore ourselves?" This 37 y.o., 5'11", attractive, SM says yes! Therefore, he skis, bikes, gardens, canoes, and scuba dives.

Your article on suicide was. Oh I don't know it was O.K. I can understand your fascination w/ The Great (?) beyond. But don't you think you'll have enough time to explore the possibilities after your dead? I don't want to come off to you as some born again creep. I just think w/ the short life span humans have that you should screw like crazy and meet some nice people. Well anyway. The most beautiful woman in the world probably is. So I'm sending you cash for Suckdog♥. Anyway I'm glad your alive and I hope you get this letter before your not.

--Jason White

A lot of people felt the need to send me sort of disapproving letters about my "On Killing Yourself" article (RD5). Maybe I didn't make my meaning clear enough: I'm not going to commit suicide, don't worry. I like to pinch. What I'd really like to do is kill someone. Or, failing that, be killed. However, I have these incontestable moral bindens. (I'm quite restricted.) Murder is stealing is wrong. So, one takes what one can get (ie. contemplation of suicide).

Another thing -- I've already told you all once, and I can't believe how you've just IGNORED me: YOUR shows that something belongs to you; YOU'RE is the word you + the word are. It's that simple. If you're going to bother me by criticizing my hobbies, at least do it right!

## Rollendenby Gets Political

Congress got pretty rowdy at the State of the Union address, didn't they? Stomping, guffawing, standing, and shouting manly political jokes over the cut in capital gains tax! They also got pretty excited at the startling statement that racism is bad. Did you notice that, like lobsters bobbing in a sea of gray, all the women were in power red? (Except for one dowager in gray and blue, but even she had crimson hair.) Did you notice Bush kept sticking out the tip of his tongue like a snake on a hot day? He did it about 200 times! You know inside he was thinking, "I'm a loser, I'm a loser, everyone hates me and I'm gonna lose the election." Poetic highlight of the evening: "GI Joes and GI Janes who ...sucked the dust" in their "rambunctious style...." In summary, I'd say that the State of the Union address was unsuccessful, because out of the whole goddam HOUR LONG thing, I only got one tiny, little peek at hot stuff Joseph Biden.

O! Postal joy! It's a letter from Derek...

My one and only Crack Icon, ~~early February~~  
Sometimes your words sting, a greater pain and fear than a child's first time caught shoplifting. You're right -- I should have sent the pictures right away. I regret you not coming to Cleveland. Do you read these letters or just skim them? I feel as if I'm taking up your time. I mentioned to my girlfriend that you are what Madonna is trying to be. She started crying. She says she has bad dreams about you and is devastated by my fascination with you. She's very disposable. It would only take 10 seconds.

--Derek

"True love casts out all fear. If you're afraid of me then there's something wrong with you."

--Charles Manson

## SUBJECT: Love

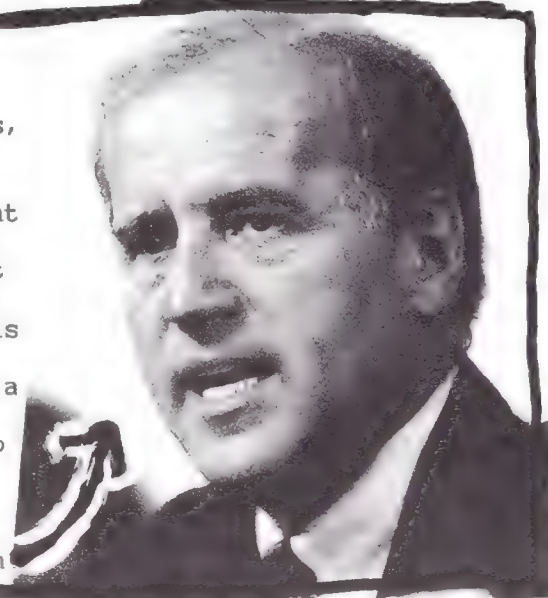
by Brian Morrissey

What is love? This is a question most commonly asked in our history. Has anyone really given us an answer though? Philosophers have their ideas, but still there is no one who speaks the true meaning.

Now I'm going to speak of what I've seen love to be. For one I must say that girls are very confusing. It seems a girl will never say how she feels about you until you approach her. From what I've seen in Littleton, the idea of a bitchin relationship is for a guy to take his babe out and try to pork her before the night is over. I am sorry, but I am not a stud like these people. I do happen to respect women. Women seem to put more effort into everything they do, unlike most guys, who put their efforts into less constructive things, like hiding their drugs from authorities.

I am not saying don't fuck. Just have some love for your mate. It's the biggest thing this country lacks (besides brains).

You may call me a faggly wimp, and any other words you want, but I don't think it's a crime to love someone. I admit I am overemotional, but I know what I say is not wrong.





# WHAT IS ROYAL TRUX?



**LISA:** All these people keep telling me stories about Royal Trux, and none of the stories match at all. Can you offer any insight as to why people feel the need to talk about you and Jennifer, and why everyone comes up with such incongruous ideas about you?

**NEIL:** I really think we got something...

**LISA:** Are you on downers?

**NEIL:** Yeah.

**LISA:** You sound it. Last night you were so enthusiastic, and now you sound slow-motion.

**NEIL:** Yeah, I was off yesterday.... I'm also speaking in a measured voice right now because I want to be careful about what I say.

**LISA:** Why?

**NEIL:** Did you read the Royal Trux thing in the Voice?

**LISA:** No.

**NEIL:** The Voice is just one of those things, like Karl Marx or the Don't Tread On Me flag. The Village Voice staff from 1970. The way I see it, there's a certain force operating underneath social life. To me, Royal Trux is like the trip, like the word Life. It's like, I'm on a Royal Trux.

**LISA:** (After being really confused by a lot of talk about communism and trying to figure out its connection to the Don't Tread On Me flag and Neil's measured voice--) You speak in signifiers. Could you try to go back to the basic ideas instead of what you've worked out in your brain for what everything means? Because what you've worked out will probably translate in other persons's brains back down to totally different basics. You know what I'm saying?

**NEIL:** Right, but that's what Royal Trux is about -- the conduit from central nervous system to central nervous system.

**LISA:** From your central nervous system to the public's?

**NEIL:** Well I guess unfortunately that's the situation, because we've taken up the position of being a band and shit. See, I never buy anything, I don't believe in it. But I like anything. Does that seem contradictory?

**LISA:** Not at all. I'm impressed that you've boiled everything down to signifiers -- it's poetry -- but I also think no one's going to get it. You know, nobody. I'm trying, I'm really trying, but...

**NEIL:** That's why I'm in this rehab (in Arlington, Virginia). I didn't make any money.

**LISA:** Are you saying you're too sophisticated to appeal to enough people to make money?

**NEIL:** We haven't tried yet.

**LISA:** Are you a heroin addict?

**NEIL:** Yes.

**LISA:** How do you support your habit?

**NEIL:** B&E. I'm in here because I got caught. My (partner) was going to turn (me in).

**LISA:** I'm sorry to hear your voice so blurred like this, drugged.

**NEIL:** Really? I like 'em.

**LISA:** I guess if you're a heroin addict, you're really gonna like downers and being in the hospital.

**NEIL:** (laughing) Yeah. I'm the kind of person who will try to find constrictive...

**LISA:** You like to be constricted?

**NEIL:** No, I don't like it at all. But I like to search out certain places.... I'll go and do things that will get me in trouble, just to push against things.

**LISA:** Is it true that you got the highest mark ever in the history of the computer school you applied to?

**NEIL:** That's what they said, yeah.

**LISA:** And then you got kicked out.

**NEIL:** Yeah.

**LISA:** Why?

**NEIL:** Tardiness. You can't miss more than eight hours.

**LISA:** Are you allergic to the sun?

**NEIL:** No, I like the sun. I like to look at the sun through windows more than being outside. I like the beach in the winter. Coney Island, man, we used to go out there a lot, just drunk as fuck.

**LISA:** I heard you said Fuck you to a professor and that's why you got kicked out.

**NEIL:** Uh...I don't know. Well, I did, yeah, but it wasn't anything.

**LISA:** So after you got kicked out of school, your parents kicked you out of their house.

**NEIL:** Well yeah. I gotta go take a medicine break.

**LISA:** What medicine?

**NEIL:** Antiprox.

If you like working on cars, you'll like Royal Trux "Twin Infinitives". --Mel B.



NEIL: I've been thinking about what you said, not being able to be basic -- I hope it doesn't get in the way of making good music.

LISA: I don't think it's possible to be truly basic. It's just that you -- both as Neil the person and in Royal Trux, I mean -- don't use a vulgar set of signifiers. For instance, if you read Maximum Rock-n-Roll, its readers and writers use the same set of signifiers and they all believe that this is reality, and that they are actually communicating this reality, directly from brain to brain.

NEIL: That, to me, is frightening. It's so simple. Life is so much better when it's chaotic instead of things being chaotic and people ignoring it and latching onto signifiers.

LISA: How do you feel now?

NEIL: I feel a little up. I drank some coca cola.

LISA: Did you ever answer my first question as to why people have such incongruous ideas about you?

NEIL: That's part of my idea of what Royal Trux is -- just a long journey. It sucks to get caught along the way, but this is only a couple weeks and then we're off again, man, you know?

LISA: What's the longest you've ever stayed in one place?

NEIL: We had the same apartment in San Francisco for fourteen months.

LISA: But you've basically been a nomad.

NEIL: Definitely.

LISA: Does the constant upheaval keep your mind and music from congealing?

NEIL: Totally, man. That's the whole point. I don't wanna get trapped in anything. That's why heroin is such a funny thing, you know. It's the whole slave thing, you know. When we were in San Francisco, we couldn't even make it across the bridge to Oakland without bringing a gram of dope with us because, you know, we were that strung out, and that makes us a slave and all that shit.

LISA: How did you get to that point?

NEIL: When I was thirteen, I went to see Queen. A friend of mine's older brother was our chaperone, and he cut some coke, some heroin, Jack Daniels, hash, acid.

LISA: All together?

NEIL: Yeah man, it was a great concert.

LISA: And from then on you thought drugs were great.

NEIL: Yeah.

LISA: Aren't you afraid that pleasure and debauchery will mess up your art?

NEIL: No. Like you said, you know -- move around. Living is pain.

LISA: What does that have to do with your music?

NEIL: Everything.

LISA: Is your music an antidote? A reflection?

NEIL: A bulldozer. It's communication. I put everything in it.

LISA: Is it the most important thing in your life?

NEIL: Yeah. Absolutely. I would die...

LISA: How old are you?

NEIL: 26.

## Minimalistic Horoscope For Today

by Kevin

### PRIORITY BECOMES UNLIKELY

LISA: Oh that's very young.

NEIL: Ax1 Rose is 29.

LISA: You've done quite a lot for a 26-year-old man.

NEIL: Thanks. Is there any dope in New Hampshire?

LISA: No. Some anonymous person from L.A. just sent me an envelope full of acid, but that's the only drug I've seen in a long time.

NEIL: I can't even take acid anymore. It doesn't work anymore. I get a little physical sensation but that's it. You know, Aerosmith is from New Hampshire.

LISA: Yeah -- my mother taught French to one of them. He was really shy and nice.

NEIL: Have you ever heard of Martin Amis?

LISA: No.

NEIL: He's this British author. He wrote this book Time's Arrow. The narrator's this Doppelganger, he's inside this guy. Everything's going backwards. It's very funny, you know -- a funeral in reverse, described by the man's second soul.

LISA: How many times have you played live as Royal Trux?

NEIL: I'd say about 30.

LISA: Are you satisfied with that mode of communication? Do you feel that you're saying what you want to say and people are perceiving it as what it is?

NEIL: No, we haven't even tried to do it yet, really.

LISA: You've played 30 times but you haven't tried to say what you want to say.

NEIL: No.

LISA: Would it be correct to say you're always looking forward and always denying or detracting your past records and shows: it's all a joke? Do you think you ever will do the "real" thing? Is it possible?

NEIL: That whole paradigm is what I'm working against, I think. A lot of people say I'm not accepting life, I'm not realistic.

LISA: What is it you've been saying those 30 times you played?

NEIL: That what we're playing at this point doesn't mean a damn thing and that the audience better get off their butts, you know?

LISA: What should they do once they're off their butts?

NEIL: I don't know.

LISA: Demand more?

NEIL: Just whatever, man. The French philosopher Levy says that the idea of the prophetic philosopher is dead. The philosopher's job is to check the symbols. We're gonna look at life, we're gonna take the symbols and we're gonna destroy them.



LISA: Last night you were talking about fucking up your shows. What specifically do you do?

NEIL: Well, like change the set list at the last minute to songs we never rehearsed, and just see, a little reaction will take place in the band, something will happen that wasn't planned.

LISA: So you're shooting for chaos.

NEIL: Yeah. And that is ironic -- it's like, "shooting for chaos", you know, it's absurd, man.

LISA: Yeah.

NEIL: So far I think we've made progress of being able to communicate directly from us, through instruments and voices. It's not like a one-way thing. Two-way interactive software, shit like that.

So we're on a Royal Trux towards that goal. So, everything we do is validated, because it's a noble goal. I want people to not get too crazy about (Royal Trux), forget about it, keep it in the back of their minds maybe, and, you know, connect with the right people rather than have people connect with the signifiers and have the signifiers connect to us. I've made a conscious effort to -- and I do this in my personal life as well -- to try to not get trapped.

LISA: What does rock and roll mean to you?

NEIL: The energy.

LISA: Can't you find that in, say, country and western?

NEIL: Yeah, Randy Travis's voice gives it to me partly. That's why it's correlated to drugs -- you get your PDR (Physician's Desk Reference) and you can get what you want when you want it. You know, mix and match. Some of what we have done (as Royal Trux) isn't a joke because some of it has been there.

I've had epiphanies at rock shows, and not always on drugs. But I've also had, you know, epiphanies taking a piss.

LISA: What's going to happen with the half-completed Royal Trux III album?

NEIL: We got a lot of stuff done. For about a week I thought I was never going to see Jennifer again. I detoxed briefly -- I was getting fucking drunk, I was shooting a lot of coke and, you know, they had to carry me down the stairs.

LISA: You can get a heart attack doing that.

NEIL: I know, but I have a stro-o-ong constitution.

LISA: Me too. So is the record going to come out?

NEIL: Well we need more money. We need to record some more. We need about 200 bucks.

LISA: And they (Matador) won't give it to you?

NEIL: I called him (Gerard Cosloy) up one night, really fucked up. I left this 45-minute phone message, really disparate, all these ideas. And he sent me this letter saying, "You're asking for money we just don't have." They think \$2000 is really enough to record a record, and it's not. Honestly, man. It's like, I don't give a shit if anyone hears my record, not in the sense that I wanna pretend to be in the music business. (Note: a few days after this interview was conducted, Neil told me he received a \$450 royalty check from Pussy Galore, and

he would use that money to complete the album, but he doesn't know or care about whether it will come out on Matador or not. --ed.)

LISA: Where are the tapes?

NEIL: In San Francisco with this fucking weasel named Greg Freeman, who engineered (the Royal Trux double album) Twin Infinitives -- you know, he pushed the stop and start button on the tape recorder.

It's like, you go into the studio and it was over, it was done, it was history. It was another dead culture right there. These people, they got their tombstone already made up. That's what they call lifestyle or identity.

LISA: Greg Freeman in particular or sound engineers in general?

NEIL: Everybody.

LISA: Including yourself?

NEIL: No. Not you either.

LISA: Thank you.

NEIL: No, he was okay, but then I guess...we didn't make a lot of friends in San Francisco. We had to leave the city 'cause things were falling apart and closing in on us and stuff.

LISA: A guy from Thinking Fellers said you were yelling about money at a show there.

NEIL: Oh yeah, God that was so funny, man. I hadn't been in a fight in years.

LISA: Did you punch anyone out?

NEIL: No, you know what I did -- I swung, and he hit my hand away and it hit Jennifer in the head. Right in the nose.

LISA: (laughing) I love those kinds of fights, where you swing at one person and then end up hitting your girlfriend in the nose.

NEIL: It was ridiculous. Yeah, she dove in -- she was trying to stop the fight. So, that was gonna be the show -- the arguing.

LISA: Do you like fights?

NEIL: I'd say no right now. But it could happen.

LISA: I like fights.

NEIL: That's why there's boxing.

LISA: Boxing is too controlled.

NEIL: People deal with pain by explaining it, you know what I'm saying?

LISA: If I had had one extra cup of coffee I think I might. Perhaps when I listen to these tapes later I'll be able to decipher it.

NEIL: You know, there's two forces at work here. We have a man and a woman here. As far as biological entrapment, we've got that. Just basic biology. That's it. There's a lot of songs like lose the skin. Aw, man, there's so many things going out of my head, going off your head.

LISA: Huh?

NEIL: It comes down to the same thing, you know -- real biological entrapment is standing in the way of central nervous system contact, truly. Telepathy. (That side of the tape ended there, unfortunately. I don't think I'm capable of paraphrasing what Neil said in the time it took me to notice the tape had stopped and to turn it over, so we'll just resume



where the tape does. --ed.)

NEIL: To me that just knocks down 60% of possible conflicts that are standing in the way of some kind of feeling that I have that life could be better for everybody. Or if not for everybody, just for myself.

LISA: Someone said that there's a man and a woman in every brain--

NEIL: Definately, yeah.

LISA: --and the female part dominates the female, and the male part the male, but I feel that the male part in me is stronger, because I'm more analytical than receptive and caring.

NEIL: That's intellectual, but to me that's on a level of horoscopes. Any kind of rationality is like walking a tightrope. What you said makes perfect sense -- it's a dialectic we could take up, we could agree on. Through will I can believe anything I want to, and there's no answers. Then again, I only speak English, which is another problem.

LISA: Yes, I feel that learning French has made me universal. Either that or I'm drunk, one of the two.

As for the rationality -- I'm a journalist right now, so that's what I'm after: something basic. That doesn't mean you have to give it to me.

NEIL: I see. I've always been a celebrity-watching person. Some people are good with tools and they do work and they have a life. My life has been in the electronic media, and the acoustic media too, I guess. So, like you say, I speak in signifiers. It's like advertising something that I can't quite give to you. Not **you**, but the audience. Like Motley Crue just **can't give**, Royal Trux just **can't give**, that which is themselves. And if you think of Christ as a central, functional principal in American life.... I mean, if you know of another sacrifice myth that's better...

LISA: What's the last job you had?

NEIL: I was working for Outreach raising money over the phone for rain forests in California. I worked for a few nights, and then I moved in with this chick for about a week.

LISA: You moved in with another **chick**?! What happened to Jennifer?

NEIL: Uh, she was just running around. She went into detox. I'm an adaptive person. You know, you gotta eat...

LISA: Please excuse me if I've been too nosy.

NEIL: No, it's definitely important. We've been together a long time -- eight years. When we're together, we're **always** working, you know?

LISA: In your interview in Bananafish it appears that you're badgering Jennifer into submission.

NEIL: I never saw that interview. He (Seymour Glass) was over there, maybe the dope wasn't that good that day.... Like you said, I was badgering Jennifer -- you know, I'm trying to make a Royal Trux to something I felt once and have felt since.

LISA: You made an image out of it.

NEIL: Yeah, if you accept that we're making images and selling them.

LISA: Did Jennifer come up with the idea of playing

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the victim, or was the whole thing orchestrated by you?

NEIL: I don't remember.

LISA: I haven't seen the What Is Royal Trux? video yet. What's it about?

NEIL: It's Royal Trux, you know. Some people will get it, some people won't. The people that'll get it are the people that should get it, and will move on, you know. It's like, we're going to have a small following, it's got to be just the right people, so we gotta send out these definite signals where we attract the right people and repulse the right people.

LISA: But you said in Bananafish that you wanted to go beyond this little clique of, uh, indie music lovers.

NEIL: Right. I said that to **Seymour**.

LISA: Oh. Were you lying?

NEIL: No, I was talking to him, man.

LISA: The truth is different with every person you speak to?

NEIL: I think so, yeah.

LISA: Yeah.

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**LISA:** You play keyboards?

**JENNIFER:** No. I twirl knobs and shit on the Moog. I just listen to the sounds and, you know, there's certain things you can do to make it come up the same every time, a lot of space sounds, kinda wild shit. The double 7" (on Vertical Records) that we did, I wrote that while Neil was on tour with Pussy Galore. I was playing five-string guitar, regular tuning but tuned real low. I just wrote all the guitar parts as simply as possible and showed them to Neil and he just went off with them.

**LISA:** What was your first band?

**JENNIFER:** Mn...I've played with a lot of different people, never anything that I would call a band, just people floating in and out. RTX I wouldn't consider a band.

**LISA:** What is it?

**JENNIFER:** I mean, of course it's a band because it's, you know, people playing music. It's been years, really, I completely stopped listening to anything. The only kind of music I'll listen to right now is rap music, and that's all. Because I find that subconsciously, and a lot of times consciously, people are not thinking of the potential for turning people on. Too much of the music is so much the same. There's not a lot of things that really stick out. The whole genre -- underground thing, whatever -- all the bands have more similarities than dissimilarities. You can slot almost all the bands that I've heard. I think they want to be slotted -- then people know what to say about you, they know what to write about it. To be tagged or slotted is instant death, I think, if not in terms of sales or fans or whatever, it's instant death for us. I think that thus far we've done a pretty good job of not building up an RTX sound.

**LISA:** Or a regular performance style?

**JENNIFER:** Exactly. I guess when people go to a club and pay to see a band, they expect the band to get up and play song after song and they're supposed to be tight, they're supposed to sound as much like their records as possible, and I just think it's really boring. We don't rehearse for shows. We do it the way our last memory of the song is. Sometimes I remember it in my head differently than Neil. Like the groove I've got might be a lot slower, and I won't change for him. I just go my own way, I will actually block Neil out completely and almost feel like I'm doing a solo show until if maybe all of a sudden something totally kicks in where we're right on time together, then it brings in, you know, a total flow.

**LISA:** How did you work together to make the What Is Royal Trux? video?

**JENNIFER:** When we were editing it, there were a lot of scenes that I would have liked to have kept that he wanted cut, and we had to compromise. Pretty much he got over on me (laughs) -- he got more of what he wanted because I was at a disadvantage. He was there the whole time we spent in the studio editing, maybe nine hours, and I was out running around Chicago

trying to score drugs. So I would come back in and he would have made a bunch of decisions while I was gone. Taking it scene by scene, I would get pissed off, but ultimately it worked out pretty coherently. It turned out real well.

**LISA:** How old were you when you started doing drugs?

**JENNIFER:** Twelve.

**LISA:** What is the best and the worst thing about go-go dancing?

**JENNIFER:** As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing bad about it. I like it. But you have to take into account the club you're working in and the types of customers you have. For a while I was working in a real rich neighborhood and most of the customers were, you know, lawyers in suits and ties, total white majority with a lot of money. It took them a while to get used to me because most of the girls who danced there were real conservative in terms of the way they carry themselves and the way they dress -- very subdued, simple lingerie. Their movements were very stiff, like runway modeling. Working there was really good for money but it was really boring, so I quit there, and now I work in an all black club -- I'm the only white person there -- and it's a totally different scene. The music is all important. You put on a real show, everybody really dances, you're free to do whatever you want with your body, you can touch yourself. You're really performing. The money is like half the money I was making downtown -- last Friday night I made \$160 instead of maybe \$250 or \$400 for an eight hour shift -- but I made a decision to change because it's a lot more fun.

**LISA:** What's your favorite outfit?

**JENNIFER:** Oh I don't know, it depends on my mood. I have a bunch of stuff. I like these black thigh-high spandex boots, they're four-inch heels, four-and-a-half inch heels.

**LISA:** Wow. You can dance in four-and-a-half inch heels?

**JENNIFER:** At first it was hard, but now I can do anything in heels. I wear sequin garters, a black leather G-string with metal studs all over it, and this jacket -- it's got a zipper down the front, it's kind of like a scuba jacket but the arms are loose fishnet.

**LISA:** That sounds nice. Do you have any rebuttal to Christina Boss Hog's description of you as a Neil Jr.?

**JENNIFER:** Well, I'm not exactly sure what she intended when she said that. I mean, I've lived with Neil since I was fifteen years old and we spend all of our time together, so we have a lot of similarities. But we're also real different. I mean, number one, I'm female, he's male. Our personalities are pretty different. I would consider myself more outgoing, or I have the ability to be a lot more functional in just basic society. Neil becomes a lot more introverted in crowds, but if put on the spot I can really deal with almost any type of person. Neil, whether or not he can, he won't. That's why he won't work a job. He doesn't like to



change for anything, really.

**LISA:** Neil said you manipulate; in an interview you said you don't. Do you?

**JENNIFER:** Yeah. Neil and I, on almost every occasion, if we're together, we're like a tag team. I can predict almost everything Neil's gonna do. We just kind of play off each other like that -- we just come up with ideas and scenarios and the way we're gonna present things.

**LISA:** What did you plan for this interview?

**JENNIFER:** Nothing. I hadn't even talked to Neil until last night, and he said he was just gonna talk to you. I don't even know at all what he said to you.

**LISA:** Both of you seem to think on several levels at once, though you're more cohesive. It reminds me a little bit of schizophrenia.

**JENNIFER:** Yeah, that's what my father always says to me jokingly. He says if I'm high I've got like two different personalities, if I'm not high there's about five. One time he just started listing them all off. It was pretty amusing.

**LISA:** It seems like it's difficult for Neil to finish explaining one idea because so many others are crowding in.

**JENNIFER:** Yeah. Sometimes just for him to get an idea across -- even to me, and I can usually read a lot into what he's saying to make it a whole idea -- on very frequent occasion he'll start off talking and really won't stop for literally ten to twelve hours.

write to Royal Trux c/o Drag City

**LISA:** Where are you?

**JENNIFER:** Right now I'm at my father's [in D.C.]. I've been here a week. In the next few days I'm gonna leave and go stay with a friend of mine. Neil and I were staying in different hotels for about a month. I might do that again 'cause it's cheap and it's really nice. Get color cable t.v. You don't have to worry about deposits and all that shit.

**LISA:** Do you have possessions, you know, stereo?

**JENNIFER:** Mn, not too much. We had all that stuff, we left everything in California when we left there, we left everything in New York when we left there. It's easy. I like it better that way.

I can't help you with any RTX materials. Jennifer H. was nice to me initially but Neil was always stoned and irritable (thinking I was into his rock star image) deciding to be a jerk -- I wonder if he can help it. So because of this I didn't even get stoned off their weed let alone get some photos.  
--Jim S. (Vertical)

Neil Haggerty asked me to pick a hair off his tongue one time -- but I think he was making fun of me.

--Alex Behr, 1991

I'll get [some photos] off to you right away.

--Neil Haggerty, 1991

[I can't send you the photo of Jennifer in bed because] Neil shot that idea to hell.

--Dan Koretzky (Drag City)

Hey -- Neil Haggerty left a shirt in my car, too. I noticed the smell first -- very sweet/smoky.

--Alex Behr, 1992

I'll get [some photos] off to you right away.

--Neil Haggerty, 1992

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## IMPORT/EXPORT

*I interviewed my father, Ken Carven (43) and step-mother, Linda (50), in late 1991. They chose only to speak of the escapades they got caught at, so I guess you'll just have to wait until they're both dead to hear some even more juicy stuff.*

K: Ken  
L: Linda  
RD: Lisa

RD: Would you say you had a happy childhood?

K: Did I have a happy childhood? No, I wouldn't say so. I'd say no, not really.

RD: Was it an unhappy childhood?

K: Well I only had one, so it's hard to guess. Compared to what? If everyone in your house speaks Chinese, it seems OK. If I'd been smarter, I may have picked different parents. (Ken's father did something just before Ken was born -- it's not quite clear what; I've heard he robbed a bank and then jumped off a bridge, drowning himself. Whitey, the stepfather, is a very rich businessman. The mother is extremely Protestant. --ed.) I think they did the best they could with what they knew.

RD: Did Whitey ever put you in the hospital?

K: Oh I think, yeah, a couple times. I remember one time distinctly. I don't remember what I had done -- probably something. But it started upstairs and I got knocked down the stairs into the t.v. and stuff. I remember riding to the hospital on that one, and him warning me to -- telling me what happened. Which was I fell and hit my head.

RD: How old were you?

K: Eight. Seven and a half, eight.

RD: What were some other punishments?

K: A good punishment from sixth-grade up 'til eighth-grade would be: get a bad report card, come home, stay in my room 'til the next morning, and it would be like that until the next report card came out.

L: Three months.

RD: Did you learn your lesson?

K: Uh, no, I didn't, actually.

RD: Did you like school?

K: No, I can't say I liked school, no. I did very poorly in school from seventh-grade on. Just didn't do it.

RD: You went to jazz places growing up, didn't you Linda? What were they like?

L: Same as any nightclub except the music was jazz.

RD: What did people do there, smoke a lot of cigarettes?

L: Smoke cigarettes, yeah.

RD: Did they snap their fingers?

L: I imagine some did. I didn't observe the other patrons, it was dark.

RD: So there wasn't a chorus of snapping fingers, huh? What was your first impression of my father?

L: I thought he was the funniest-looking person I'd seen in my whole life. I had all I could do not to laugh! He was tall, pathetically skinny. He was wearing brown herringbone highwater tweed pants, cowboy boots, and a yellow, blue, and white-striped shirt.

RD: Were you trying to improve on your natural attributes with your fashion sense, Ken?

K: No, I didn't care about my appearance in that sense. What I would always do was work on overcoming the first impression. I would look to see what they wanted and then mold the appearance to be that way.

RD: How did you meet my mother?

K: We met at The Clover Club in '68.

L: They met at a bar, got drunk, he took her home, screwed her, she got pregnant. That's what he told me: "I didn't even know what she looked like!"

RD: How old were you?

K: Nineteen.

RD: How old was my mother?

K: 25, 26, something like that.

RD: How did you know the baby was yours?

K: I didn't know. If I found out after that it wasn't mine, I would then make a different move.

L: Mary-ellen (my mother --ed.) was supposed to stay up in New Hampshire, have the baby, give it to him, and then they were supposed







Ken, Lisa, and Mary-Allen

to get divorced.

K: I was living with Alice and going out with Jackie, so there wasn't much room for her. As far as having a baby with her, I didn't mind that. My criteria for that was a certain minimum of intelligence, and she had it. But then she got sick and came down and moved in.

RD: With you and Alice. Wasn't Alice the nymphomaniac?

K: Yes. She was a nymph for sure.

RD: Didn't you say she'd go to the store and get so excited by the fruit section she'd accost some fellow-shopper and disappear for days?

K: She could disappear for days easily. She definitely liked men.

RD: My mother said you have always been able to use people toward the end that you want. Take that as a compliment?

K: I think that's pretty much true. But words like "use", "manipulate", those are so pejorative. Those terms have such a negative connotation, but what's the worse thing you could say about someone that cares about you? You don't have any use for them. So if you're **using** somebody, that's not necessarily a bad thing. Misusing them may be bad.

L: You misuse people. (To Lisa:) He will manipulate, he will contour his behavior, he likes and dislikes, to impress someone, to get them into his confidence and then threaten or use punishment to control them. He's a person who likes to control what's going on as opposed to...flowing. Although he doesn't say so, I think he was pretty unhappy, pretty miserable as a child. I think he was able to see differences in his own home, how the other kids (Whitey's kids --ed.) were treated. I think he made an exterior to cover himself from being hurt, and he's kept this exterior, this wall. Your father's mean. Your father is a mean, nasty person. He'll admit that himself.

RD: Do you think you're mean, Ken?

K: No I don't think so.

RD: How did you find out about, you know, acid, free-love...

K: I was interested in any kind of

counterculture from early on. I was introduced to drugs by Alice.

RD: My mother describes Airplane Parties in which you would have people over, take acid, arrange all the chairs in the house like an airplane, and go for a ride.

K: I remember that, yes. Your mother would keep saying things like, "If I keep one foot on the floor, I know I'm alright."

RD: My mother said there was this one guy...there was this pie on the table and he just went (Lisa throws her face into an imaginary pie) and he ate it all! (Laughter) How did you start dealing?

K: Probably the way most people did -- to cover my own. So I could smoke for-free. I would buy a lid, make it into four nickels, sell three nickels.

RD: And smoke the last one?

K: Right, but as with most dealers, it would be smoke the first one.

RD: My mother said there were garbage bags of pot around the house. How did you go from lids to garbage bags?

K: Well, I [separated from Mary-Allen and] moved in with Linda and we got arrested for possession with intent to sell.

L: He was pissed because the system was corrupt. He said, "To hell with this. We got arrested for five and a half pounds, and when we go to court there's only three pounds there? I wanna go down to Tucson and buy it cheap and make some really good money." So I said let's sell the house and move there.

K: In Tucson we would do a T&B, which was buying things in Tucson, bringing them to Boston, and Bruce Sasso would sell them for us in Boston.

L: Then your father got the idea of buying in Mexico because it would be even cheaper there.

K: Went down to a cardboard shack in Nogales, met somebody. We'd do 30, 60 pounds on a load. We lost three out of five loads.

L: He lost a load walking across the border.

K: Dan was gonna run interference, and let us know about road blocks. I went on foot to do the buy and Linda moved the motorhome down to a pick-up point.

L: I moved the motorhome down the hill to the Mexican/American chain-link fence. I'm on the American side, and your father is coming up the Mexican side, when all of a sudden I'm surrounded by blue lights.

RD: So how did you feel, Ken, when you came up the hill with all this marijuana in your arms and you see Linda surrounded by police cars?

K: Oh I felt pretty good about it. What happened was, flashing lights went on and the border control started coming up the hill real fast. So how did I feel then? Hm...I felt it wasn't really going that well. The two guys that I was with dropped their load and ran. I threw mine up on a roof and climbed up the porch onto the roof.

RD: And grabbed your pot?

K: No. By that time there were too many of 'em coming too fast.

RD: How many?

K: Oh there must have been six or seven cars with...plenty. And plenty more coming. Enough. I went to the next street over, from one roof to the other. Then I was sneaking





*Linda (1987)*

around from porch to porch. Then I was crossing somebody's window and they had a dog there that started barking at me. A little tiny thing. So I relieved that dog of his bark. And uh...he hasn't barked at anyone since. Climbed down off that porch, got into the next one. I was laying down. They were searching, beating the bushes. I think they got the two Mexicans.

L: They asked me what I was doing there and I said I was waiting for my boyfriend to come over the border. I said he was partying in the Mexican bars and "what time do they close, anyway?" You (Lisa) were asleep in the back. They told me this was a dangerous area, get up on the main street, so I did. I stayed up there for about two and a half hours and your father didn't show up, so I left. Went home.

K: Some police dogs had picked up my scent. They were less than a block behind me. So I went up a telephone pole, across the wire, and from there onto another roof, and they lost my scent. I went from roof to roof to a factory, and there I hid under a pile of tin. And they almost picked me up again because they came through and searched the yard I was hiding in. Brought a dog right to where I was hiding under the tin, dog was sniffing and stuff, and I was right there, but that particular dog probably hadn't been on my scent, so just recognized me as a person laying there.

RD: What did you do after you got out of the pile of tin?

K: Went down to the police station, used their phone. They didn't have a description of me, couldn't prove anything. Called to see if anyone was home. Nobody was. Walked home.

L: We were lucky in each escapade, which just gave your father more confidence to keep going and keep going.

RD: How did you eventually get caught?

K: That was another motorhome trip.

L: We were stopped by a road block inspection. It wasn't a good stash. There

was a hole in the wall and instead of sealing the wall back up like he should have, your father just hung a mirror up. They could smell it.

K: 360 pounds of keefe.

RD: How did they arrest you?

K: The arrest was pretty good. There was a stopover, getting questioned and things like that. That was interesting.

RD: What "things like that"?

K: Uh...let's deal with the prison instead.

RD: You don't want to talk about how the arresting officers tried to find out who else was in on it with you?

K: Oh there was a poor dentist that was quite unhappy.

RD: And the cauldron?

K: We can go into that another time.

L: What they did was--

(At this point Ken tips over his entire cup of coffee, and I leave the room to get towels. When I come back, Linda has completely forgotten what she wanted to say about what the arresting officers did.)

K: The prisons there are interesting because there are no room/meal assignments. So you have to get your own. Everything's run by money in there. On the men's side anyway. There's restaurants inside, being some inmate set up a tent or a shack and had his gas burner and a table or something like that. Caracas passed from hand to hand -- when somebody gets out, they sell their karaca. If you own three or four and you're a slumlord, you rent 'em. There were 380 prisoners there, 23 of them Americans. Prison conditions there are primitive. If you don't have money, you don't eat. There were diseased people there. Someone had leprosy.

L: There's no medical treatment unless you have money. They brought in pails of fishhead soup every day, at least on the women's side. I was there nineteen days. We were taken to court to make our statement after five days. Your father wanted to jump out of the courthouse window. I said, "Are you crazy? We're 45 feet up in the air. If you don't break your legs, where are you gonna go? The guard at the corner will get you. Let's do it on the way back to the jail." So, walking back to the car to take us back to jail, I fell back behind Bruce and your father, walking slow and talking to the guards, and they were, you know, "American woman, blonde..." There was a woman on the ground selling gum. I said, "Oh! I want some!" I leaned over and Bruce and your father left. Walked off. The guards were bullshit. They wanted to kill. They didn't know what to do. They were, "Hi! hi! hi!"

RD: Weren't you worried they'd kill you?

L: They didn't have guns. I figured the worst that would happen, I'd get raped. I fully expected that. But both guards ran down to get the paddy wagon. And I'm standing there, looking around, thinking, "I might as well leave too." Then one comes back, grabs me by the arm, goes to put me in the back of the wagon, but they can't get the lock undone. He drops his keys, he was nervous. I mean, they let two prisoners escape; they were in trouble. He fumbled with the keys for a good minute, finally got me in. Then we drive down the street and a



bus got in the way. We went driving around and I saw your father jaunting down the street. Meanwhile the guards were calling in to police headquarters, giving a description of your father as wearing a "rose" -- red -- shirt, but it was purple. So I figured he had a chance.

RD: How did you get arrested in America?

K: Conspiracy charge.

L: He put the trip together but didn't take any physical part in the actual buy or transporting. (The arrest came after Ken had retired with two trunks full of \$140,000. Technically, what they got him on was letting someone use his phone to make a deal. All he did was introduce some people to each other. --ed.) How he got caught was the person who was hired to do the trip got arrested at the border and snitched him off. He was weak.

RD: How did they arrest you? Knocked on the door?

K: Yeah, they came knocking on the door. Boom! Door opened.

L: We saw them coming by the dining room window.

K: They were running in, with their riot gear and their--

L: Your father goes, "uh-oh."

K: Looks like a bust! (laughs)

L: They said, "Are you Ken Carver?" and your father went to say something and Boom! he was on the ground on his belly and they were putting the cuffs on him. (laughs) He said to me, "Go get my shoes and socks." Put his shoes and socks on for him and they took him

away.

K: Questioned me shortly in the car on the ride down. Threatened to take me to the river and drown me and stuff like that.

RD: Really?

K: I wasn't overly cooperative. I mean, I was quiet, I was polite, and cooperative as far as physically goes, but I wouldn't answer any questions. That was pissing them off. So I went to jail and Linda was scrambling to get me out on bail, finding a lawyer.

RD: How long were you in jail for that arrest?

K: 27 months. In California.

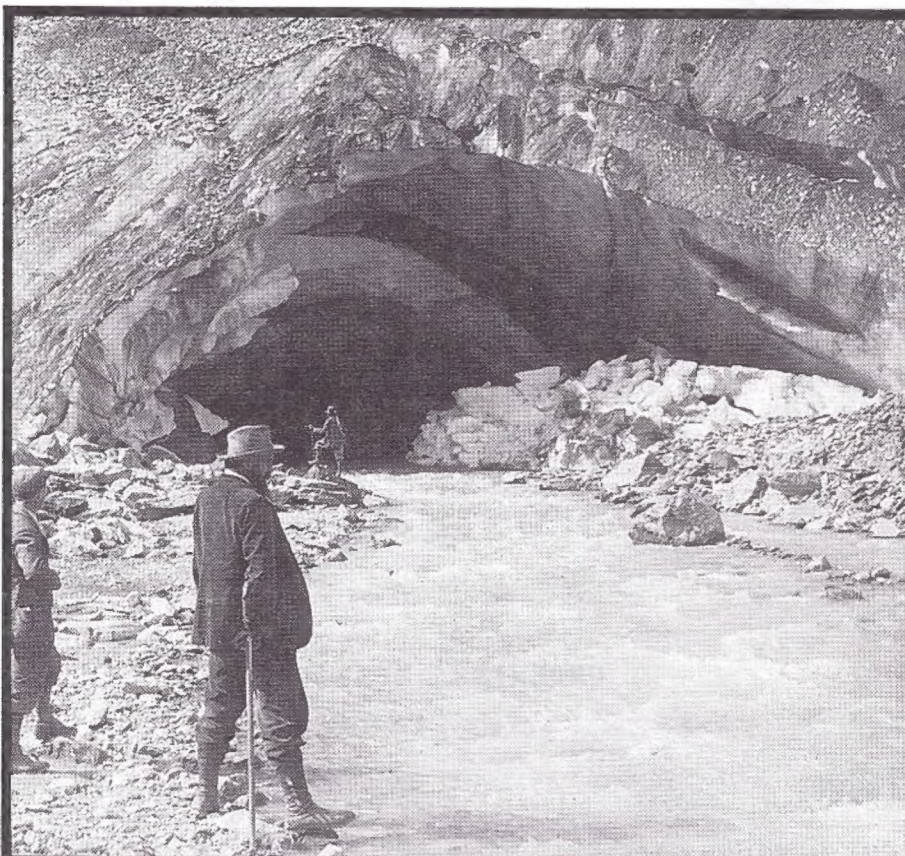
RD: How was American prison as compared to Mexican prison?

K: If you don't have money, American prison's the place to go. If you have money, Mexican prison's the place to go. There are runners outside the gates there who will go buy whatever you want; food, tools, building material--

L: Radio, t.v., stoves, refrigerators, anything.

RD: How about the rape scene?

K: They don't like homosexuals in Mexico. That's frowned upon in Mexican prison. American prisons are very homosexual. When I got to Lompoc it was more a thing of trying to intimidate you. Every time I'd leave my cell there'd be this group of guys standing this way and that way, saying things to each other, growling. This guy, who is really their friend, came around to my cell saying, "Oh, I know some guys who are after you. For a carton of cigarettes a week they'll leave you alone. Don't go



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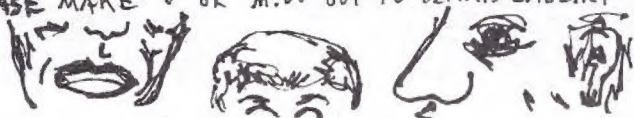
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in the shower, they'll come in and get you." That's a test. I said, "Tell you what. Things aren't really going that well for me; my girlfriend's left me, I've been arrested, my friends turned on me, I really don't care what happens. (Lisa, Linda and Ken laugh.) Matter of fact, I'm thinking about



suicide. (Lisa, Linda and Ken laugh harder.) This is a good day for suicide. I think I'll take a couple of people with me. Why don't you drop them a line to tell them I'm going to take a shower now." So I went into the shower and they never came in.

RD: Do the guards care if people get beat or raped?

K: In Lompoc (California) there would be a unit of 110 people, three tiers of cells, and there'd be one guard for that unit.

L: 110 guys talking, playing radios, being noisy. Somebody could get killed and the guard would never know.

K: Well they'd know at count.

RD: Did you see anyone die there?

K: Some guy had made a knife in shop -- more like a machete -- and he was hacking on some guy, but I didn't stay around to see if he died or not. He was yelling when I saw him last.

RD: You wrote me a letter then about some guy attacking you with a lead pipe in the t.v. room for no reason.

K: I don't remember every incident, but I

had 23 violent incidents. There were a lot of factions in jail there; L.A. Niggers, Washington Niggers, Mexicans, Aryan Brotherhood, Black Muslims, Hawaiians.... The Washington Niggers were all from the District of Columbia. They were low-class. Any crime you do in the District of Columbia -- rob, rape, things like that, is a federal crime because it's on federal property. Other federal prisoners, you have to do a federal crime; bank fraud, kidnapping, smuggling.... Most of the Washington Niggers were street criminals. Ding dongs. They couldn't put anything together if they tried. The L.A. Niggers were federal criminals, so they were a little bit higher class because they could put **something** together; hold someone for ransom or one of those crimes. They at least had the ability to hold relationships together enough to do a gang violence type thing. Those two factions didn't get along together at all. And, of course, Aryan Brotherhood would be your motorcycle gangs, your Nazis, your...those type of people. They were all white.

RD: Did you see Charles Manson in prison?

K: We passed each other in Lompoc in a transfer in '77, I believe. He was in lockdown and he was withdrawn into himself, he didn't do anything with anyone. Ther

*He was hacking on some guy, but I didn't stay around to see if he died or not. He was yelling when I saw him last.*

were several famous people there when I was there. The one that impressed me the most was Dog Day Afternoon. He was in for bank robbery at the time. He was the strangest person. He was real twisted. He and his friends would target someone who was weak, beat 'em up, rape him, fist-fuck him, which is: shove your fist up the anus, then open up the fist, spread the fingers, and pull out. People like Dog Day would travel in "cars" which are small gangs of six to eight people. They'd never be alone.

RD: Were you ever in solitary confinement?

K: Quite a few times.

RD: A lot of people have problems there with sensory deprivation, disorientation.

K: You have to have a regimen. Keep regular hours. Not doing that is the mistake a lot of people make. I would get up at 4 A.M. when I heard the changing of the guards. Worked out for an hour every day. Played mind games. Built houses in my mind from foundation, one timber at a time.

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